

THE PULASKI CITIZEN.

VOLUME 8.

PULASKI, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 3, 1866.

NUMBER 31.

BUSINESS CARDS.

WILSON, CARTER & CO.,
COTTON FACTORS,
AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Groceries & Plantation Supplies,
No. 194 MAIN STREET,
Corner Washington. [June 1] MEMPHIS, TENN.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
Corner Cedar and Cherry Streets,
Nashville, Tennessee,
J. G. FULGHUM, Proprietor,
Formerly of 28 North Summer St.,
J. G. WILSON, Clerk.

This Hotel has been lately refitted and newly furnished. The proprietor desires a liberal patronage of the traveling public. [May 18-6m]

NATHAN ADAMS,
Office in Court-house next to Post Office,
WILL PRACTICE LAW
in Chancery and Circuit courts of Giles. He will
Attend to the Collection of Claims
against the U. S. for Bounty, Pension, Back Pay,
or claims for property—and charge nothing, in such
cases until the money is collected. [Feb 18-6m]

SOLON E. ROSE,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Office in the South-west Corner of the Court House,
WILL PRACTICE
In the Courts of Giles and adjoining counties. [Feb 2]

AMOS R. RICHARDSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Will practice in Giles and adjoining counties.
Office in the Court House. Jan 12-18

T. M. N. JONES,
Attorney at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Will practice in Giles and the adjoining counties.
Office in the Court House. Jan 12-18

P. G. STIVER PERKINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Will practice in Giles and the adjoining counties.
Office in the Court House. Jan 12-18

BROWN & McALLUM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.
OFFICE—The one formerly occupied by Walker
& Brown. Jan 5, 18

RUTLEDGE & REED,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.
Will practice in the Courts of Giles, Marshall,
Maury and Lawrence. Particular attention
given to the collection of claims. Office at corner
Public Square, Up stairs. Jan 5, 18.

LEON GODFREY,
Watch Maker & Jeweller,
PULASKI, TENN.
All kinds of Repairing in Watches or Jewelry
done promptly, and satisfaction warranted.
Shop at Mason & Ezell's Store. [Feb 16-18]

M. D. Le MOINE,
ARCHITECT,
Office No. 11, Cherry St., near Church,
NASHVILLE, TENN.
P. O. Box 373. [Jan 1 1864-9m]

Ezell & Edmundson,
East Side Public Square, Pulaski, Tenn.
Keep constantly on hand a full and assorted
STOCK OF GOODS,
Embracing a great variety,
ALL of which they offer at low prices—especially
their elegant stock of
Ready Made Clothing.
All kinds of Barter, all kinds of money, premium
and uncurrent, taken at their market value.
Jan 5-18.

MEDICAL CARD.
DRS. GRANT & ABERNATHY,
Pulaski, Tenn.

HAVING associated themselves in the practice of
Medicine and Surgery, respectfully tender their
services to the people of Giles and the adjoining
counties; and hope by strict attention to business
to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

Special Attention Given to Surgery.
Having had ample experience in the Army during
the war, and being supplied with all the appliances
necessary, they feel fully prepared to treat all cases
entrusted to their care.
Office near South-west Corner Public Square.
Jan 5-18m

TONSorial.
ALEX and CALVIN, Knights of the art Tonsorial,
A la vie the young, the old, the gay, the grave, the
elite of Pulaski, to call on them at their new
BARBERS' SALOON,
North side Public square, at the striped pole.

L. W. McCORD,
Book and Job Printer,
CITIZEN OFFICE.
SOUTH EAST CORNER PUBLIC SQUARE—UP STAIRS,
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.
CASH required for all Job-work. No Job can be
taken from the office until paid for.

Fashion and Fashions.
We have for some time desired to say a
few words on fashion and fashions; and
perhaps we shall find no better time to dis-
burden our mind than the present. If we
should accidentally drop any hint worthy
of notice, the Convention is now in session,
and, we doubt not, from the facility with
which they receive and refer to the proper
committee suggestions upon all other con-
ceivable subjects, will be able appropriately
to dispose of this.

Fashion, if we rightly comprehend it, is
a law established by some arbitrary author-
ity, either self-constituted or universally ad-
mitted to be supreme, which undertakes to
regulate the modes and forms of dress and
manners of all persons who aspire to be
considered as belonging to "good society."

Fashions are "the modes and forms of
dress and manners" prescribed by that ar-
bitrary authority, and exclusively adopted
by those who submit themselves thereto.

It is rebellion against the authority of
fashion to depart in any particular from the
fashions; and no excuses on account of
health, incompatibility of form, color or fea-
tures, are understood to be any extenuation
of the offence; but the individual so offend-
ing is forthwith excluded from that mysteri-
ous association, called "good society."

In Tenn., however, this despotic rule is
exercised almost exclusively upon the gen-
tler sex; and in regard to both dress and
manners, the men generally seem to act upon
the rule that prevailed among the Jews at
the time when there was no king in Israel,
when "every man did that which was right
in his own eyes;" and, accordingly, the
styles and forms of male attire are such as
would drive the prime ministers of that
arbitrary monarch, fashion, fairly crazy, if
compelled to see and tolerate such barbar-
isms as are daily enacted all over Texas
without a blush.

It is, then, upon the better half of our
people that this inexorable despotism ex-
ercises its grinding influence.

"And pray, Mr. old fogie Editor," we
think we hear from the Sabine to the Rio
Grande, "if it concerns us alone, why do
you meddle with what don't concern you?"
Sit down, dears, and don't all speak at once;
let the old fogie say out his say.

Where does this law originate? In other
words, whence do you derive your fashions?
From Frank Leslie and Harper, in New
York, or Godey in Philadelphia? Whence
do they derive them? From the court of
London, the court of Paris? Do the Queen
of Great Britain and the Empress of France
establish the law? And will you, every
one of you being equally a sovereign, suf-
fer them to control your choice of a shoe
tie or a breast knot? to dictate that you
shall wear kid slippers in wet weather and
match a brunette complexion with a dark
dress, because such things are the fashion?
Or hang to the back of your heads, a thing
composed of you know not what, and to
worship which, would be no violation of
the second commandment, seeing it is like
unto nothing that is "in Heaven above, nor
in the earth beneath, nor in the waters un-
der the earth," though it is called a water-
fall?

But this Old Fogie doubts very much
whether most of these things called fash-
ions, have so respectable an origin. To our
mind, they smack unmistakably of Shoddy
and are redolent of Codfish.

We have been observing you, fair read-
ers, for more years than is particularly
necessary to be here set down, and the re-
sult of our observation is, that she who
follows her own pure, simple taste, with
a knowledge of the requirements of her own
figure and complexion, will dress herself
in such manner, that, though she may
commit terrible solecisms in fashion, every
eye that sees her will be gratified, and rest
with pleasure upon her general appearance;
and we may add (not that you care any-
thing about it; oh, by no means!) that to
the greater half of creation, a lady so adorned
is more, a thousand fold more attractive,
than the butterflies of fashion, though ar-
rayed as Solomon in all his glory never
was.

A Richmond paper thinks there should
be a new Cabinet officer called the Secre-
tary of the Exterior, and appointed from
the South.

The Mormons.
The new work on the Mormons gives the
following:

The internal arrangement of affairs at the
harem is very similar to that of a young
ladies' boarding-school. Each woman hav-
ing her own room, her affairs are all cen-
tered there. The culinary department is
under control of such of the wives as Brigh-
am from time to time appoints. She is
the stewardess, and carries the keys. A
cook is employed—generally a man—and
several servants besides, who are all under
the control of the stewardess.

When the meals are prepared and ready
the bell rings, and each woman, with her
children, if she has any, files down to the
dining-table, and is seated as before stated.

Each, on rising, has her children to at-
tend to, and get ready for breakfast; this
over, she commences the business of the

day, arranges her rooms and sits down to
her sewing or other work, as the case may
be.

A sewing machine is brought into requi-
sition, and one of the number appointed to
use it. For the benefit of those who want
a sewing machine, it may be well to state
how this was procured.

One day a man from St. Louis came to
offer one for sale, stating that his price was
ninety dollars. Brigham bought it, prom-
ising to pay the man whenever he should
call. The man being poor, called in a few
days. He did not get his pay. He called
again a number of times, with the same re-
sult. One of the wives became quite indig-
nant, and said: "If I was in his place I
would never ask it from one so high in the
priesthood. He had better give it to him
than ask pay of him." The poor man never
received his money, as soon as he could
get the means, left the territory. This is
the manner in which the Prophet becomes
possessed of much of his property.

Most of the women spin and make their
every-day clothing, doing their own color-
ing. They are quite proud of the quantity
of cloth manufactured in their establish-
ment every year. All work hard, and take
but very little out-of-door exercise. At
parties and theatres Brigham and one or
two of the favored wives sit together in the
"King's box," but the remainder of the
woman and the children sit in what is called
"Brigham's corral." This is in the
parquette, about the centre of the area.—
The Prophet goes down once or twice during
the evening to the corral, and chats for a
few moments with one and another, but in
a short time he can be seen beside his "dear
Amelia" again.

At the Mormon parties much gaiety pre-
vails. Appearances are maintained, some-
what, by paying more respectful deference
to the first wives on such occasions. Gen-
tles, with whom the saints are on good
terms, are well received and kindly enter-
tained at these parties, and all join in giv-
ing themselves up to the influences of mirth
and festivity. Dancing is not only a favor-
ite amusement, it is more; it is cultivated
to such an extent that it becomes a passion.

Brigham's women, though better clothed
than formerly, still work very hard. They
are infatuated to their religion and devoted
to their husbands. If they cannot obtain
his love, they content themselves with his
kindness, and endeavor to think themselves
happy. As religion is their only solace,
they seem to make it their only object. If
it does not elevate their minds, it deadens
their susceptibilities; and as they are not
permitted to be women, they try to con-
vince themselves that it is God's will they
should be slaves.

A music-master, a dancing-master and a
teacher of the ordinary branches of the
English education are employed in the fam-
ily school. Also a teacher of French. His
children have much better advantages than
any other in the territory. Dancing and
music are the leading accomplishments, and
everything else is made subordinate to
these.

How to Make Good Butter.

A lady experienced in making butter,
says: Before I go to milk, I put a kettle,
say one third full of water, and large enough
to let the milk boil into it, on the stove,
where it will get boiling hot by the time I
come in with the milk. I then strain the
milk into another vessel, and wash the pail,
which should always be of tin, and then
pour the milk back into the pail, and set it
into the kettle of boiling water till the milk
becomes scalding hot, taking care not to let
it boil; then pour it into pans, and set it
away in the cellar for the cream to rise in
usual way. Cream produced in this way
will seldom require more than twenty
minutes to churn, while by common prac-
tice the dairy maid may often churn for
hours, and then, perhaps, have to throw it
away, as I did before I became acquainted
with the Russian plan, the essential fea-
tures of which I have adopted in my present
mode, as given above. The method is ap-
plicable to all seasons—summer as well as
winter.

INSECT LIFE.—A peculiar poetic pen
furnishes the following funny fancy:

Insects must generally lead a joyful life.
Think what it must be to lodge in a lily.
Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl. With
pillars of silver and capitals of gold, all ex-
haling such perfume as never arose from a
censor. Fancy again the fun of tucking
yourself up for the night in the folds of a
rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of
the summer air, and nothing to do when
you wake up but to wash yourself in dew
drops and fall to and eat your bed clothes.

The following notice was very recently
found posted on a tree, having been put
there by some old curmudgeon who was too
mean to take a paper or to advertise:
"Lost—a red calf. Had a white Spot on
1 of Her legs. he was a She calf. I will
Giv 3 dollars to evry Bodi that brings him
hum."

Why is President Johnson like a poet?
Because he can "wake to ecstasy the living
lyre" (Forney).

Baby Talk.

Where's ze baby, bless its 'art,
Mazzer's 'tittle darley boy,
Tums and tums into its 'art,
Suck its 'tittle sugar toy.

Now we'll take it ridy widdy,
Dearest, prosies, budy, honey,
Ma won't let it shidy idly,
Cause 'twould 'urt her 'tittle sonny.

Oh, you pitty sugar plummy!
Does it want its story talky?
So it sally, you ducky tummy,
Let its muzzy see it walky.

My! what ails its twetset mounty?
Mamma fads its going to ky,
Only see its lippeys pouty—
Hushey, darley—rocky bye.

Does the cabbage mama eaty
Make its 'tittle tummy ache?
Is its 'tittle eyes so seepy,
Hickup keep it wide awake?

Does it want to see its daddyy?
So it sally in a 'tittle while;
See it trow its tummy paddy,
What does ails ze blessed child?

Ugh! you naughty pin, go way!
Hushey, deary, go to seep,
Mamma by Her baby stay,
Uggy has from baby keep.

Little Pearl.

A jewel of a little girl
One lucious summer night
The angels dropped, by chance I guess,
A host of white,
Baptized from dainty head to heart
In heaven's transcendent light.

What could they name so fair a thing
If 'twere not Little Pearl?
Her hair was like a mist of gold,
Each little line a curl,
One watched unconsciously to see
Two hidden wings unfurl.

[From the La Crosse (Wis.) Democrat.]

How New England Rules the Country.

The West, her Heavers of Wood and Draw-
ers of Water.

Readers—tax-payers—working men!
Come with us a few moments. Do you
see that map of the country hanging against
the wall over yonder? Let us step closer
and look at it. Trace the water mark. The
ocean line with us from the Bay of Funday,
down by Cape Cod, Cape May, Cape Ha-
teras, Cape Fear, Cape Florida, Mobile
Bay, Corpus Christi Bay, thence over to
Cape San Lucas, thence across the Pacific
coast to Victoria, and then across the coun-
try to the pine points of Maine, Michigan,
Pennsylvania, Minnesota and Texas—the
rocky hills of New England—the coal beds
of the Keystone State—the rich farms of
New York and New Jersey—the plantations
of the South—the broad prairies of the
West—the golden gulches of California—the
quartz mountains of Nevada, Montana,
Idaho, &c.—the Eastern, Western, North-
ern and Southern States, all belonging to
the Union—to you, the sovereigns.

And do you realize, traitors, that all this
country is controlled by the devil of New
England radicalism, New England Aristo-
cracy, New England protection, New Eng-
land Puritanism, New England narrow-
mindedness, and New England boudocracy?
Let us see.

Way up there is a little point of land. It
is where the witch-burning, psalm-singing
Puritans landed, and whipped people for
kissing their wives on the Sabbath, and
where men are taught to mind the business
of other people, and to skin everything from
eels to gun-flints. Let us take these six
New England States and see what they
amount to, in area, population, and voice
in Congress:

	Area sq. m.	Population.
Maine	31,786	628,376
New Hampshire	9,259	326,072
Vermont	10,213	315,116
Massachusetts	7,890	1,281,065
Rhode Island	1,396	174,621
Connecticut	4,974	460,151
	69,083	3,135,301

This portion of our Union is represented
in Congress by twelve Senators and twenty-
seven members.

Now, look over there toward the setting
sun, yet not half way to the Pacific! There
are six States. Let us figure a little. Take
your pencil and set down—

	Area sq. m.	Population.
Indiana	35,869	1,559,841
Illinois	55,406	1,711,758
Michigan	59,340	749,312
Iowa	59,214	674,948
Wisconsin	54,924	772,373
Minnesota	84,000	172,022
	324,295	5,434,749

Hardly a State of the six last named but
is equal in size to all of New England, while
one is a third larger. And the population is
nearly double.

In view of the fact that since the cen-
sus was taken from which we glean the
above figures, the New England States have
fallen off twelve per cent., and the six West-
ern ones have increased over thirty per
cent., it is safe to say we more than double
them in population, as we beat them five
times over in extent.

And all this tract of country, an empire
of itself, has but the same representation
with forty-five representatives in the House.
Now let us sit down on this log—by the
forge—on your shoe, tailor or carpenter's
bench; let us lean on this hoe-handle, rest
on this pick-ax; on this plow-beam, or
wherever we are, and see what a difference

there is between the West and the East, and
see if we owe the East our very blood, as
it were.

When the late rebellion began, the West
went into the war, fighting her real friends
to aid her real enemies. It was New Eng-
land intolerance, bigotry, abolition and envy
which brought the rebellion upon us. We
were living in peace—prosperous and hap-
py. The South was driven to the wall—the
South rebelled—Western men who
loved the Union New England hated, fought
their best friends and proved the supremacy
of our flag.

The war is over. The armies are dis-
banded, and still New England intolerance,
vengeance and spite, war upon subdued
people, and upon the Constitution she
bates.

New England nabobs hold United States
bonds, by a New England controlled Con-
gress exempt from taxation.

New England dares not have the South
back in the Union, for the votes of that
section will justly be against her narrow-
minded protective interests.

New England abolitionists have set the
negro free, and make you and I not only
support the freedmen, but the bond-holder
who sits and receives his interest, the whole
exempt from taxation.

New England wants her manufacturing
interest protected. She wants the burden
of taxation to fall upon the consumers of her
industry, and to rise to power and wealth
on the labor of the poorer classes, who in
the thirty other States of the Union pur-
chase of her.

The East is built up. It is finished.—
Her schools, roads, churches, jails, prisons,
poor-houses, asylums, &c., are erected.—
Much of this work is yet to be done in the
West. While we in the West are at work,
New England bond-holders are riding in
their easy carriages, sitting in the shade,
reveling in wine, dainties, sporting in creek
and jungles, their wealth secured, and in
United States bonds, by a New England
controlled Congress exempted from tax-
ation, we have a country yet to improve.—
We have roads, school-houses, asylums,
churches, towns and cities yet to build.

We have the expense of Government to
pay. We have millions of dollars a year to
pay to the rich, lazy bond-holders who are
by the Government protected in their laz-
iness, while we are by the same Govern-
ment ground still deeper into the earth on
account of our poverty.

Why this favoritism? Is this the reward
given the West for forsaking her business;
for fighting her best friends; for spilling
rivers of blood?

We did not restore the Union, for New
England says the Union is not restored!

We did not benefit the negro, for he is
worse off to-day under the drippings of this
New England mercy than under the care
of his former master.

We did not better ourselves by the war.
We did not soften the hearts of the
South.

But we did this, Western men. We
made fools of ourselves. We fought our
true friends to help our worst enemies.

We piled up a mountain of debt, astride
of which sit thousands of New England
bond holders, and we have got to bend our
backs to the load, while they crack the
whip over us—the poor white trash of the
West.

May God in His goodness hasten the
day when the people will open their eyes
and look at the greatness of the misery in
store for us as a nation, and give us men
bold enough to lead the way to peace and
prosperity.

Letter from a "Disbanded Fenian."

[From the St. Louis Republican.]

ST. LOUIS CITY, SHUBERTS, June 9.

Mr. Editor—Mavornen, it's meself that
feels imposed upon and used up intirely.—
It's not in the heart of a man to traverse
the earth for eight and twenty years with-
out serious misfortune, to be kicked to death
by a jackass at and niver complain of it.—
Bad luck to the man that persuaded me
with his blarney from my precious ould
home, with lots o' good living and lashuns
o' whiskey, to shoot a' Canucks in the big
British sheep pasture up North o' the lakes.
Bad luck to him, I say, and if I live a hun-
dred years I wont risk my life wid such
nonsense again.

You see, yer mightiness, the case was in
this wise. About four years ago Michael
O'Flaherty, that's the son of our ould
Misther O'Flaherty, and "Mike" we used
to call him when he was a mere speck of a
darling, from the bags o' Ballyragget, he
comes to me, and says he, "Fennegad, do
you want to join the Faynians?" "What's
that?" said I. "A great military organi-
zation," says he. "Does it fight for the
stars and stripes and sigle of liberty?" says
I. "The devil a bit," says he. Thin it
was that he put the tip of his forefinger to
the point of his nose and winked with both
eyes wide open till I thought he meant
something to destroy the Government, the
best the sun ever shone on, for sure I once
heard a man say so in a speech. My blood
commenced a rollin' and a jumpin' and I
thought of dear old Erin far out in the sea.

So, to punish him for insultin me, I tossed
shamrock at his head, and I belave he re-
members it. The shamrock was a brick,
yer awfulness.

After a while Tim comes to me again,
and tells me the Faynians is a body of men
who are going to flog the British, and re-
lease ould Ireland from tyrannical rule. I
was glad of that, and I told him I'd join
on that very evening. Then we shook
hands and took a smile, O'Flaherty and
me.

That very night I went into the Faynians
tooth and toe-nails and all my ould clothes.
Night and day we drilled and worked to
learn how to shoot down the inemy. The
officers drilled us, and the speakers bored
us, and we all felt merry, for they said we
would take Canada, and thin blessed ould
Ireland would be free once again.

Ooh, Mavornen, wasn't I gallant!
I drilled till I thought of fatigue I would fall.
I spent a whole week in the ranks with a musket,
Lamin' a step for the Canada ball.

That's what I used to sing, and a short
time ago, when two thousand of us (barrin'
th eighteen hundred who had to turn back
for to saw some wood before they could
go,) started for the Canada border, which
is a very troublesome piece of American
embroidery. I felt glorious, Misther Editor,
and my heart went pty-Pat. But I
went to the front, and bedad it's a wonder
I didn't sthay there. The commander said
we would come out victorious, but the mi-
racle was that we came out at all. The
red-coats were all around us, and the
Americans wouldn't let recruits pass over
to us, because maybe they couldn't pay
ferriage.

Funds was mighty low, yer graciousness,
for it costs a great deal to run the Faynian
organization four years, and the treasury
had the Sweeney. Reinforcements couldn't
get transportation, you see. If they had
fallen into British hands they would have
got transportation for life. So, when we
saw that we couldn't get help, we left Fort
Erie, and gave it up to the British again,
the spalpeens. We could not hold a place
like that. It wasn't our fort.

Next day I was murthered out. Faith,
it's a wonder I wasn't peppered out. I got
my discharge, without a mouthful o' ra-
tions, back pay or bounty. I could neither
get any back pay, nor anybody to pay my
may back, so I had to walk over and foot
my own bills. But I'm full o' patriotism
as ever, and I long for the day that is to
shorten the bondage of Erin, dear Erin, the
land o' my birth. (That's poetry.)

But I won't go to Canada again. It's a
mighty fine country it is, and a good place
to take, but it don't pay. My Colleen
Bawn and the two children may wake to
dreams o' future bliss and prosperity, for
their husband and father has unsoldiered
himself and will hereafter leave Canada in
peace and barrenness. It's at home I am,
and I've commenced wearin' off the Green.
With a heart firm in the cause, and a body
that means to keep out of it till the pros-
pect brightens, I am, Misther Editor,
TIM FINNEGAN, T. C. (Tail Centre.)

Drying Up of the Mississippi.

The St. Paul Pioneer says: Old steam-
boat men declare that the signs of the past
four or five seasons point to the permanent
drying up of the Mississippi river, reduc-
ing it from a stream navigable for the larg-
est boats the whole season to one of uncer-
tain navigation like the Missouri, passable
at certain seasons, and the rest of the year
shrunk to a mere creek, winding along
among sand bars and shoals. There is cer-
tainly some change taking place in our cli-
mate that is affecting our lakes and rivers.
They are greatly indifferent in their habits
to what they were eight or ten years ago.
The average of water is still decreasing.—
Our "June rise," once as certain as the
coming of the month, has totally ceased.
The heaviest rains, which once would have
swelled the river several feet, now do not
seem to affect it in the least.

There are many theories advanced to ex-
plain this. One is that the climate is un-
dergoing some change, which seems prob-
able, as those who have studied the meteor-
ology of our State are convinced that this
change is taking place. Another theory is,
that the cultivation of the country, destruc-
tion of the forests, and other physical
causes have tended to decrease the rainfall,
and retard the flowing of the extra moisture
into the stream.

Whatever may be the cause, the effect
certainly exists, and the same thing has
been on all the Western rivers, which are
gradually shrinking up. In our case, how-
ever, the evil is less to be feared, because
our railroad system is so nearly developed
that our river navigation is not now the
necessity it once was to our commercial
public. The river can never again, whether
it continues navigable or not, assume the
important part it has hitherto played in the
development of our State.

A Western editor has on exhibition in
his office, the bladder of a muskito, which
he says, contains the souls of twenty Gov-
ernment awdlars, and the fortunes of a
dozen or more editors, accumulated in pub-
lishing country newspapers.